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## The Message of the Bells.

Ring, ring, O bells of Christmas-tide,  
Your joyful message far and wide  
Through all the land proclaim!  
This is the blessed Day of days  
When here, to walk earth's troubled ways,  
The Lord our Saviour came!

O not with pomp and splendor sue,  
But 'mongst the lowly sheep and kine,  
And cradled in the straw,  
He came, and low the path He trod  
Always,—the greatest gift from God  
An erring world e'er saw.

As in the dawning eastern skies  
The Wise Men watched the Star arise  
That heralded His birth,  
Thus we await God's Kingdom come,  
When man and all God's creatures dumb  
Shall dwell upon this earth.

In brotherhood; when war shall cease  
And Love and Universal Peace—  
Their banners white unfurled—  
With tenderness and gentle sway,  
Their watchword "Merry," shall for aye  
Prevail throughout the world!

Fling out your message, O ye bells,  
Your cadence silvery foretells  
The gracious times to be  
When sweet Compassion, angel fair,  
O'er this, our land, and everywhere  
Shall brood perpetually.

—Louella C. Poole.

## At the Window.

"A telephone call for Mr. Whar-  
ton!" called the telephone clerk,  
turning from the instrument.

The slap, slap, slap! of a wide paste  
brush on paper, which had been vie-  
ing with the endless clicking of type-  
writer in the busy office, ceased  
abruptly as the paper hanger left his  
table to answer the call. At the  
same instant the rasping of a buzzer  
beneath Tommy Reynolds's desk  
caused that young man to rise quick-  
ly and disappear through a door  
marked Private into the manager's  
office.

"Who turned on the steam  
again?" demanded an irritated femi-  
nine voice in the main office. "It's  
hot enough in here to boil anyone  
alive. And the smell of that paste  
—ugh!"

"Of course the boss had to have  
it done the day before Christmas,  
when anyone is tired and mad and  
busy!" a girl at an adjoining desk  
exclaimed. "There weren't enough  
people and things to fall over with-  
out having a paperhanger around!"  
"Perhaps," another girl suggested  
mildly, "the boss thinks it won't  
do for Crane & Company to have  
that big smoke spot on the wall any  
longer than is absolutely necessary."  
Miss Babcock, the first speaker,  
was not to be soothed. "Well, I'm  
going to open a window and get  
some fresh air!"

Inside the manager's office Mr.  
Gregory was giving Tommy Rey-  
nolds his instructions. "Go right  
over to the bank with this check,"  
he said, as he wrote his name across  
the back of the paper.  
Taking the check, Tommy hasten-  
ed into the outer office. He paused  
at his desk, slipped one corner of  
the check under the rubber foot of  
a wire basket filled with orders, and  
began to put on his overcoat. At  
that moment Miss Babcock proceed-  
ed to gratify her desire for fresh air  
by flinging up a window nearby. A  
tremendous blast of cold winter air  
rushed into the room. Wild con-  
fusion reigned among the employees  
of the office near the open window.  
The air filled abruptly with flutter-  
ing papers and wildly grabbing  
hands.

"Put it down!"  
"Shut the window, somebody!"  
Tommy's flat-top desk was near  
the window and suffered most of  
all. His order basket, piled high,  
contributed a fluttering deluge of  
sailing paper, which, as Miss Bab-  
cock closed the offending window  
with an impatient bang settled slow-  
ly to the floor.

The paper hanger, returning  
from the telephone, found himself  
just in time to prevent his freshly  
pasted strip of wall paper, aided by  
the sudden breeze; from slipping to  
the floor. Since it was all ready to  
go on the wall, he deftly caught it  
and slapping it against the plastered  
surface, quickly brushed and tapped  
it into place.

With his coat half on, Tommy  
Reynolds whirled about; his first  
thought was of the check caught by  
one corner under the wire order  
basket. It was gone! Flinging off  
his coat, he joined the rest in pick-  
ing up papers from the floor. When  
he had gathered all he could find he  
placed the loose pile on top of his

desk and scented them hurriedly.  
A quick glance at the wall clock  
showed that it was a quarter of three  
o'clock. If he were to get to the  
bank before it closed, he had not a  
moment to lose.

He went through the pile of  
papers twice, but the missing check  
was not among them. Again he  
searched the floor; he examined the  
contents of the wastebasket and he  
even dragged his heavy desk from its  
position to see whether the check  
could have blown under it. A  
second glance at the clock showed  
him that it was eleven minutes of  
three. The situation was becoming  
desperate. To-morrow would be  
Christmas—and the next day, Sun-  
day. Whatever Mr. Gregory's  
reason for wishing the check cashed  
immediately, it would soon be too  
late so he got it cashed before Monday  
morning of the following week.

Tommy hastily appealed to his  
fellow employees, and they joined  
him in search of other desks, piles  
of papers and wastebaskets; but  
their efforts were fruitless. By this  
time it was so late that it was use-  
less to think of reaching the bank  
before the doors closed.

Tommy told Miss Greene, the  
cashier, of his predicament. "I'll  
have to go in and tell Mr. Gregory  
about it before long," he said with a  
groan.

"It's too bad, Tommy," she re-  
plied. "Although it wasn't your  
fault altogether, yet it was careless-  
ness of you to let a check get out of  
your hands even for an instant, especially  
after it had been indorsed and any-  
one could cash it. I happen to know  
about that check. A man has been  
owing us a bill for a long time. It  
came in the mail this afternoon."

When the check came Mr.  
Gregory was a little suspicious and  
called up the bank. They told him  
he had better get it cashed immedi-  
ately, before the account was over-  
drawn. So you see why he wanted  
to get it in this afternoon.  
"Still," Miss Greene went on,  
"if it's cashed the first thing Mon-  
day morning, it can't make so very  
much difference. But you must  
find it. If you shouldn't, Mr. Gre-  
gory would have to stop payment on  
it at the bank and write Mr. Gil-  
mer for another, and the chances are  
that that gentleman would take ad-  
vantage of our carelessness in losing  
it and refuse to send it again. And  
the firm would be out \$98.61. Now  
go and tell Mr. Gregory just how it  
is—the sooner you have it over with  
the better."

Sick with apprehension, Tommy  
knocked at the manager's door.  
Fortunately, Mr. Gregory was alone.

"Mr. Gregory," Tommy said,  
plunging at once in his confession,  
"I slipped a corner of that check  
under my wire order basket for a  
minute while I put on my coat to go  
to the bank. Miss Babcock opened  
the window next my desk, and the  
wind blew papers all over the floor.  
That check blew away with the  
rest, and I've looked everywhere  
for it, and I can't find it."

"You haven't been to the bank,  
yet, and you've lost that check!"  
cried the manager. "You don't  
mean to tell me—" The big man  
stopped abruptly and sat staring  
straight ahead of him. The sudden  
silence was ominous. Trembling  
from head to foot, Tommy stood  
waiting. The subdued confusion of  
the outside office was hardly notice-  
able.

"Go find that check, and don't  
come in here again till you do!" said  
Mr. Gregory suddenly.

Tommy turned, fled through the  
door and collapsed into the chair at  
his desk.

There was—very much—work to  
be finished before the holiday, and  
Tommy realized that until that was  
done he must postpone further  
search for the check. Sick through  
and through with apprehension and  
despair, he forced himself to bend  
to his tasks. An hour of hard work  
steadied him somewhat. By supper  
time he had regained his equilibrium.

On this last day—the last night  
even—of the holiday rush, Tommy  
knew he could get little help or sym-  
pathy from any of the other dozen  
employees round him. For the last  
month the night work had been  
growing heavier. Beginning with  
eight o'clock, the hour for stopping  
had gradually grown later, until  
during the last week midnight had  
been reached—and passed—by some  
of the office force.

As Tommy returned from a hasty  
supper and the busy evening wore  
on, it became apparent that the small  
hours of the morning would come  
before the last of the weary toilers  
should depart for home. Mr. Gre-  
gory was always among the last to  
leave; none worked harder than he.  
At midnight the light still shone  
steady and bright from his office.

Late that afternoon, in accordance  
with his usual custom, Mr. Gregory  
had given to Miss Greene for dis-  
tribution among his employees a  
small pile of envelopes. In each en-  
velope was a short personal note  
commending the recipient for faith-  
ful service during the past year and  
wishing him a Merry Christmas and  
a Happy New Year; there was also in  
each an envelope a gift of money pro-  
portionate to the employee's position  
in the office. There was no envelope  
for Tommy this year—a fact that fur-  
ther increased his misery.

As the hour grew late and one  
after another of the office force  
finished his work and left for home  
with a cheery "Merry Christmas,"  
Tommy's spirits sank lower and  
lower. Soon everyone would be  
gone, and his weary, hopeless search  
for that missing check must begin.  
Christmas indeed! It was already  
Christmas, he reflected as he glanced  
at the clock. The hands were  
exactly together at five minutes past  
one.

A little later Tommy noticed with  
a slight start that the office was  
deserted. Expect Miss Greene and  
Mr. Gregory, everyone else had  
gone. Even as he glanced toward  
the cashier's office the light above  
her desk went out, the wire door  
snapped shut, and Miss Greene  
crossed the outer office to Tommy's  
desk.

"Tommy," she said, drawing up  
a chair, "I know just how you feel.  
You're discouraged, you feel like  
throwing up your job with the firm  
and you think Mr. Gregory's a hard  
boss. But now put yourself for a  
minute in his place. He's been work-  
ing late two months—harder than  
any of us. Then Clancy set a waste-  
basket afire, nearly made a panic  
in the office and smoked the wall all  
up, and now you go and lose a bad-  
account check that he's been after  
for months."

"Now I'm going to tell you some-  
thing that not another soul in the  
office except Mr. Gregory knows. I  
wasn't going to tell you, but I think  
maybe it will help you instead.  
Robert, the young fellow who used  
to have your job, was a great joker  
and tease. One afternoon about  
half past two he was waiting outside  
the cash window while I finished  
counting out a pile of bills that he  
was to take to the bank. The last  
bill happened to be a new, crisp  
one-hundred-dollar note."

"Whew!" Robert exclaimed when  
he saw it. "You're not going to  
faint at sight of so much money,  
are you, Miss Greene? Allow me to  
give you a little fresh air."

"And before I knew what he was  
doing he had grabbed an electric fan  
and switched on the current so that  
the sudden blast of air came across  
the shelf and almost directly into  
my face. That hundred-dollar bill  
went right up into the air. Robert  
said it sailed clear to the wall at the  
back end of my cage and then shot  
down toward the floor. I brought  
both hands down on top of the re-  
maining bills and kept them from  
scattering."

"I was too thoroughly annoyed  
and exasperated to speak a word.  
It was dark near the floor at the  
back end of my cage, and I couldn't  
find the missing bill. Robert offer-  
ed to help me, but I was irritated  
and wouldn't let him. Instead, I  
sent him off to the bank with the  
rest of the money while I locked my  
cage door and searched every nook  
and cranny for that bill."

"At the end of half an hour I had  
to give it up. It was as if the floor  
had opened and swallowed it up.  
When Robert returned from the  
bank and learned that I couldn't  
find it he was scared, for he knew  
that it was his thoughtlessness that  
had done the mischief."

The next morning he failed to  
appear for work, and we have never  
seen or heard of him since.  
"Well, Mr. Gregory was very  
kind and exonerated me of all blame,  
but I felt that next to Robert I was  
responsible for losing that bill, and  
I made it up to the firm. It's two  
years now since that happened, and

I had almost forgotten all about it,  
but your losing that check today  
brought it all back."

"That's the reason Mr. Gregory  
stopped calling me down all of a  
sudden after I'd told him about the  
check this afternoon!" Tommy ex-  
claimed.

"Of course it was," replied Miss  
Greene. "He was thinking of  
Robert. Now, I don't want you to  
make the mistake that Robert made.  
Whether you find that check or not  
you stick."

"Miss Greene, you've helped me  
a great deal, and I want you to  
know I appreciate it. It's when a  
fellow is down and nobody seems to  
care that it's hard."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Greene  
softly.

For a few moments after Miss  
Greene had gone, Tommy sat with  
his head sunk into his hands. He  
was very tired. He had rather go  
home and sleep than look for a lost  
check. The sudden roll and rattle  
of Mr. Gregory's desk top as it  
closed roused him. The door of the  
manager's office opened, and Mr.  
Gregory came out.

"Well, my boy, how are you  
coming on? Found that check yet?"  
"No, sir, I haven't," Tommy re-  
plied. "I've only just finished my  
other work; but I'm going to find  
it if it's in this office."

"That's the talk. Go after it—now  
while there's nobody round to bother  
you. Report to me the first thing  
Monday morning how you come out.  
Good night."

"Good night, sir," answered  
Tommy as the door closed behind  
his employer.

He was alone. Only the slow,  
measured tick of the big wall clock  
broke the silence. How different  
that ticking was from the nerve-rack-  
ing sounds of the busy day! Turning  
on all the lights, Tommy began his  
search. He rolled every desk aside  
from its place to bare the floor  
beneath, then put them back again;  
he searched thoroughly through  
every waste-basket. Finally, he  
entered Miss Greene's cage—she  
had thoughtfully left the wire door  
unlocked for him—and with a mov-  
able electric light began to peer  
between the tubes of the radiators  
from end to end, and behind and  
underneath them.

As he rose from inspecting the  
last radiator he heaved a sign of  
disappointment. There was only  
one other place in the whole office  
worth investigating, and that was  
under and behind the letter-file  
cabinet that stood against the wall  
just outside Miss Greene's wire  
cage.

Of course there were other possi-  
bilities: the check might have flit-  
tered out the window or fallen with-  
out being noticed into one of the  
few desk drawers that were now  
locked; or some one might have  
instantly recognized its value and,  
amid the temporary confusion, stolen  
it; but those possibilities seemed too  
remote to Tommy to be worth con-  
sidering seriously, and he turned his  
attention to the filing cabinet.

The big cage was heavy, but by  
moving each end out alternately a  
little at a time he managed to hitch  
it as far as its own thickness from  
the wall. The dust of years lay thick  
on the floor and hung from the brown  
wall paper behind it.

"Good chance to do a little clean-  
ing up, anyhow!" Tommy muttered.

He got the office broom and  
dustpan and set to work to sweep  
up the dirt. Suddenly the wooden  
baseboard separated from the  
plastered wall behind with a startling  
crack! The sharp sound attracted  
Tommy's attention, and upon look-  
ing closer he saw that on either side  
of the filing cabinet the board had  
long been warped. With a thrill he  
wondered whether the lost check  
could have slipped down in the  
narrow space between the baseboard  
and the wall.

"Steam heat from the radiators is  
what warped the board," he said to  
himself as he looked round for some  
thin, flat instrument, with which to  
explore the narrow space.

The steel ink scratchers and the  
letter openers were all too short;  
the rulers were too thick. At last  
Tommy cut a long strip of stiff paste-  
board, which served the purpose ad-  
mirably. Beginning near the corner  
of the room where the crack started,  
he pushed the piece of pasteboard  
along the crack toward the filing  
cabinet.

Presently he struck some object,  
and with his heart pounding fast,  
worked to bring it into view; but  
it proved to be only an old stamped  
envelope, and with an exclamation  
disgust he cast it aside.

Continuing his search, he reached  
the wire partition that separated the  
cashier's office from the outer office.

"Might as well make a good job  
of it while I'm at it," he said to  
himself.

He got up from the floor, and go-  
ing round into the inner office,  
continued his investigation of the  
crack. He had scarcely advanced  
three feet when his strip of paste-  
board again encountered some  
obstruction. The next instant Tom-  
my brought the object into view.  
For a moment he started at it with  
widening eyes; then he pulled it  
from the crack.

In his hands he held, still crisp  
and stiff—Miss Greene's long-lost  
hundred-dollar bill.

As Tommy rose to his feet a little  
selfish choke of self-pity came into  
his throat. Miss Greene would  
have a happy Christmas now.  
Then, with a sudden impetuous  
rush, a fierce, startling temptation  
assailed him. No one could possibly  
ever know! He could make good  
the lost check, probably keep his  
position, and even get some pity  
from fellow employees—from Miss  
Greene at least. Pity from Miss  
Greene! After stealing a hundred  
dollars from her! Why, she was the  
best friend he had! She had tried  
her best to hearten him when things  
had looked black and hopeless. And  
he was thinking of stealing a  
hundred-dollar bill that she proba-  
bly needed a great deal more than  
he needed it.

"Finding is keeps!" he muttered.  
"But not when you know who the  
owner is. And anyhow—what kind  
of a fellow am I?"  
The struggle was over. Tommy  
hurried to his desk and scribbled a  
note:

"My dear Miss Greene:—Merry  
Christmas! I found this bill at the  
back end of your office in a crack  
behind the baseboard. Tommy."

He inclosed the note and the bill  
in an envelope, which, after he had  
sealed and addressed it, he placed  
securely in the inner pocket of his  
coat. Then he returned to his task  
of probing the remaining length of  
crack in the cashier's office. He  
quickly finished it, tried the board  
upon the other three sides of the  
outer office, which yielded nothing,  
and finally brought up at Clancy's  
desk, where he slumped wearily into  
the chair. Dropping his chin into  
his hands, he stared long at the  
panel of fresh paper that the paper  
hanger had so recently put on the  
wall between the big windows.

"Mr. Gregory doesn't mean to be  
harsh. Why couldn't Clancy have  
waited till after Christmas to set  
his old wastebasket afire? That  
plain paper is too light-colored, but  
I suppose—"

His jumbled reflections ceased  
abruptly. His eyes suddenly narrow-  
ed and concentrated themselves on  
a dark-brown rectangular outline on  
the buff-colored wall in front of  
him. Silently, with a swift leap of  
uncertain hope, he drew out his  
pocket knife, strode over to the wall  
and with three quick strokes slit  
down on side and across the top and  
the bottom of the dark, damp spot.

Bending back the flap of paper that  
he had cut from the wall, he tried  
with trembling thumbs to tear its  
edge into two pieces. For a moment  
he thought that he held indeed only  
one thickness, and he slowly peeled  
from the still damp inner surface of  
the wall paper—the missing check!  
It was somewhat blurred, but other-  
wise unmarred.

Pressing back the flap of paper  
against the wall, Tommy smoothed  
it firmly into place until the three  
slits were scarcely noticeable. Then,  
placing the check beneath a blotter  
and a heavy weight, he sat down for  
a moment to let it dry out and to  
recover from his excitement. He  
glanced up at the clock. The hands  
showed half past two. As he was  
speculating on the extraordinary  
place in which he had discovered  
the lost check, the telephone rang  
with sudden, startling clearness in  
the silent office. To his astonish-  
ment it was Mr. Gregory's heavy  
voice that came over the wire.

"Is that you, Tommy?" it asked.  
"Yes, sir," answered Tommy.

"How are you coming on? Found  
it yet?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Thought you would. Where  
was it?"

"Under a strip of wall paper the  
paper hanger put on this—I mean  
yesterday—afternoon. It must have  
blown over and stuck face down on a  
fresh-pasted strip of paper, and he  
put it on the wall without seeing the  
check. I happened to notice the  
dark spot on wall where the paste  
went through the paper. But, Mr.  
Gregory, I found something else! I  
found that hundred-dollar bill that  
Miss Greene lost years ago. It was  
down in a crack between the base-  
board and the wall at the back end  
of her office. And I'm going to  
give her a Merry Christmas with it  
tomorrow."

Mr. Gregory's voice seemed  
suddenly to grow deeper over the  
wire as he replied:

"Well, Tommy, if Miss Babcock  
hadn't opened the window and the  
wind hadn't blown in and—well,  
you know the old proverb, 'It's an  
ill wind that blows nobody good.'  
You get right home now, quick, and  
go to bed. And—Tommy—listen.  
Before you leave, go into my office  
and raise the top to my desk—it's  
unlocked—and you'll find an en-  
velope there for you—your envelope!  
Good-by and Merry Christmas to  
you!"

## Courtesy in the Dentist's Chair.

When an unhappy Anglo-Saxon  
with a violently aching tooth visits  
a dentist his mind is usually not  
much set on ceremony. Not so  
with the polite Japanese. An  
Englishman while in Kyoto went  
with an interpreter to a Japanese  
dentist. Having some knowledge  
of Japanese manners and customs,  
he duly removed his shoes at the  
door of the office and courteously  
sneaked in his breath on being  
introduced to the dentist, a dapper  
little person in kimono and white  
socks, whose breath-sucking and  
knee rubbing were prolonged and  
ingratiating.

"Dentist asks," said the inter-  
preter, "will you honorably con-  
descend to explain where trouble  
lies in honorable tooth?"

"If the dentist will honorably  
design to examine my left hand  
lower molar," responded the victim,  
"he will find that it requires filling;  
but for heaven's sake, Mr. Naki-  
mura, ask him to be careful how he  
uses his honorable drill, for I am  
terrified to death at that invention  
of the Evil One."

Soon the arm began its work.  
The Englishman jumped from the  
chair. "Tell the dentist, Mr. Naki-  
mura, that he is honorably deign-  
ing to hurt me very much with his  
honorable but utterly infernal drill!"

"Dentist says," responds Mr.  
Nakimura soothingly, "if you  
honorably deign to reseat your-  
self in chair, he soon conquer  
difficulties in your honorable tooth."

"Certainly, but dentist must not  
give me honorable fits any more!"

Dentist did, however; but he also  
did an excellent job, and the hono-  
rable tooth of his honorable client,  
once filled, has to the dentist's  
honor remained honorably intact  
until this day.

## CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday,  
9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion  
1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and  
2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn,  
every Sunday 8 P.M. Except 1st  
Sunday of the month.

Services at Newburgh, at Stam-  
ford and other places, by appoint-  
ment.

Office Hours at Guild House:  
Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to  
8 30; except Monday and Thursday.

REV. JOHN H. KENT,  
511 West 148th Street,  
New York City.

## Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf  
Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.

## To The Christ Child On Christmas Eve.

O Christ child! See our little light  
That in the window burns to-night;  
O, do not let us plead in vain,  
But stop and bless this house of pain.

Lay hands on aching, weary limbs,  
Give sleep to eyes with tired rims;  
Eyes so patiently that wait  
To see Thee enter at our gate.

Light of the World, Thou wondrous star  
That shone long since in lands afar;  
Search out our hearts, cleanse every sin,  
So we be fit to take Thee in.

Those Baby Hands, unpierced, to-night,  
Stretch out and bless us, ere the light  
That welcomes Thee fades, dim, away,  
And give us peace on Christmas Day.  
—N. L. Wilbur in the Phila. Ledger.

## Keeping Christmas

Some people ignore Christmas,  
some celebrate it, and some observe it.  
There is a better thing than even the  
observance of Christmas, and that is  
keeping Christmas in its very  
spirit and essence. This is how a writer  
in the *Youth's Companion* says that  
it should be done:

Are you willing to forget what  
you have done for other people and  
to remember what other people have  
done for you; to ignore what the  
world owes you and to think what  
you owe the world; to put your  
rights in the background and your  
duties in the middle distance and  
your chances to do a little more  
than your duty in the foreground,  
to see that your fellow men are just  
as real as you are, and try to look  
behind their faces to their hearts,  
hungry for joy; to own that proba-  
bly the only good reason for your  
existence is not what you are going to  
get out of life, but what you are going  
to give to life; to close your book of  
complaints against the management  
of the universe and look around you  
for a place where you can sow a few  
seeds of happiness—are you willing  
to do these things even for a day?  
Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down  
and consider the needs and the desires  
of little children; to remember the  
weakness and loneliness of people  
who are growing old; to stop asking  
how much your friends love you and  
ask yourself whether you love them  
enough; to bear in mind the things  
that other people have to bear on  
their hearts; to try to understand  
what those who live in the same house  
with you really want, without waiting  
for them to tell you; to trim your lamp  
so that it will give more light and less  
smoke, and to carry it in front so  
that your shadow will fall behind  
you; to make a grave for your ugly  
thoughts and a garden for your kind-  
feelings, with the gate open—are you  
willing to do these things even for a  
day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that  
love is the strongest thing in the  
world, stronger than hate, stronger  
than evil, stronger than death,—  
and that the blessed life which  
began in Bethlehem nineteen hun-  
dred years ago is the image and  
brightness of the Eternal Love?  
Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep for a day, why not  
always?  
But you can never keep it alone.

## Epiphany Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,  
838 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.  
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-  
charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

## SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sun-  
day, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sun-  
day in each month, 8:00 P.M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.

ALL THE DEAF cordially invited.

## Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary,  
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St.  
Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Mon-  
ument St.

## SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Ser-  
mon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ad-  
dress, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ser-  
mon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Com-  
munion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and  
Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday ex-  
cept the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guile and other Meetings, every Friday,  
except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints'  
Church, Second Sunday



# Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1921.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163rd Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Near the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of  
of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on  
except of five cents.

From the antipodes comes an  
appeal that must find a warm  
response in the hearts of the  
American deaf.

We have just celebrated, in our  
various communities and schools, the  
birthday anniversary of Thomas  
Hopkins Gallaudet.

The expressions of gratitude to the  
founder of the first school for the  
deaf in this country, are still fresh in  
our minds.

In those speeches, which thrilled  
us, eloquent contrasts were drawn  
which pictured the condition of the  
deaf before Gallaudet came, and the  
enlightened prosperous, happy lives  
of the deaf of today.

In China there are probably 400,-  
000 deaf-mutes. The lives of a  
great many Chinamen are wretched  
enough, and the neglected condition  
of the deaf children must be appalling.

We hope the JOURNAL readers  
will contribute to the very worthy  
cause set forth in the appeal of Mr.  
Tse Tien Fu.

Nationality should not play a part  
in helping our brethren who are  
deaf. All the world of deaf-mutes  
are brothers and sisters. Their con-  
cern and trouble should be ours.  
Let us all help in conferring upon  
one or more deaf-mutes the blessings  
of education.

APPEAL OF THE HANGCHOW PRIVATE  
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

The school for the Deaf in Hangchow  
has been running for seven years. There  
are many students who are anxious to  
come. But we are in short of fund, we  
are not able to receive them all. We  
feel very sorry that we have to turn them  
away.

Some time ago we received \$75.00  
through Silent Worker toward the fund  
of our school. We are indeed grateful. Our  
students will never forget the kindness  
of our foreign friends.

At present we are sending out an appeal  
through DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in hope  
that those who are interested in our Deaf  
School in Hangchow may be willing to  
contribute some money to help the school  
in order that we may receive more stu-  
dents. The deaf through the agency of  
our work may also receive the Gospel.  
Those who desire to contribute please send  
their money to Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

Sincerely yours,

TSE TIEN FU.

THE merry Yuletide season is  
here. The fat pocketbook grows  
thin with rapidly, but the hearts of  
giver and recipient grow larger in  
proportion as the pocketbooks lose  
weight. It is the one time of the  
year that a light heart goes with an  
empty pocket. Let us all be happy.  
Let us all try to make the rest of  
the world happy.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

Daniel Lynch, Jr., who went to  
Los Angeles, Cal., several months  
ago, has returned to New York.  
He came back by way of the Pana-  
ma Canal, and visited Cuba.  
Ralph Shade, of Iowa, was with  
him on this trip. Last week the  
two above mentioned visited the  
JOURNAL Office accompanied by  
Thomas Mallon, of Iowa, and John  
Kirk, Jr., of Rhode Island.

# CHICAGO.

Gather for Gallaudet—whose loving light  
Released us from the silence of the night;  
And, lo! his vivid language vigil keeps  
Though he, the master-mind who wrought  
it, sleeps.

The Rev. Dr. James Henry Cloud,  
of St. Louis, President of the Na-  
tional Association of the Deaf; one of  
the old stand-bys of the *Silent  
Worker* staff of writers; and general  
a-l-around "Do It Now," addressed  
Chicagoans on Gallaudet's birthday,  
December 10th, under the auspices  
of the new Nad Branch.

The address—before a half filled  
Sac auditorium—started exactly an  
hour late, as customary. Out in  
the provinces social functions gener-  
ally begin on scheduled time, but in  
big cities like Chicago and New  
York it is considered fashionable to  
be late.

After a few introductory re-  
marks by the coy bridegroom, John-  
nie Purdum, Dr. Cloud began, and  
for one hour he delivered a mass of  
statistics, with scholarly analysis  
thereof, showing that the world's  
colored races (yellow, black, brown,  
and red) exceed the whites 2 to 1.  
Outside of densely populated  
Europe, the colored peoples out-  
number the whites 11 to 1. Yet the  
whites rule nine-tenths of the  
globe—the colored the other one-  
tenth. "Outside of Europe the  
white world is thinly populated,  
while the area governed by the  
colored—notably China and Japan—  
is densely crowded. Sooner or later  
the yellow race must expand, or  
occupy regions now held by the  
whites. So far terrible plagues,  
famines, etc., have held down the  
population of the yellow consider-  
able—but the advance of medical  
science, and the good work of the  
Rockefeller foundations are slowly  
stamping out plague after plague.  
The yellows breed like flies, and are  
steadily increasing their relative  
advantage over the whites. In the  
late war ten million whites were  
killed; for every one killed in battle,  
six died at home—from starvation,  
flu, disease, etc." The address  
made a strong appeal to thinking  
persons, albeit possibly a trifle deep  
for the average citizen whose statisti-  
cal depth is limited by study of  
Babe Ruth's batting average.

Following the lecture, the ladies  
served a cafeteria supper, the "piece  
de resistance" being "hot dogs"—  
or what educated Edward Rowse,  
with his typical Boston culture, calls  
"high tempered canines."

Total profit for the C. A. D. was  
\$26.59.

Appropriate addresses were also  
made by several others. By the-  
way, this occasion deserves more than  
passing mention as being the first  
time both a President and a Sec-  
retary-treasurer of the N. A. D. ever  
appeared on one bill in a small-club  
affair. Secretary A. L. Roberts and  
others gave some anecdotes on the  
Gallaudets. The Rev. G. F. Flick  
brought to mind the importance of  
teaching the younger generation to  
revere our olden benefactors—prin-  
cipally the elder Gallaudet. "Right  
now," he said, "in the day schools  
for the deaf, you can hardly find a  
single deaf child who knows who  
Gallaudet was, or what he or she  
directly owes him. Every school  
should have a picture of Gallaudet  
in its hall, and December 10 should  
be treated as a sort of February 22  
by the deaf, with exercises and ad-  
dresses. Even the State schools are  
somewhat derelict. Gallaudet  
should be the one golden tie that  
binds all deaf together—oralist and  
manualist, Christian and Jew, Col-  
legian and 'left-schoolist.'"

"With slap and clam,  
And buff and bam,  
And antics wild and wilful,  
The matmen small  
Do main and mail  
Each other, sharp and skillful,  
When Conley comes for Olson's crown  
The crash will jar this little town.

Bob Conley, of Clyde, N. Y., has  
written asking a match with "Silent  
Olson" for the middleweight  
(153-lb.) wrestling championship of  
the deaf in America. Olson has a  
good standing with the "wrestling  
trust," having competed against  
Stecher, Demetree, etc., while Con-  
ley has won five straight matches  
since Labor Day—competing at 165  
lbs., or about Olson's poundage,  
while attending Gallaudet College,  
Conley twice won the heavyweight  
amateur title of the District of  
Columbia. We understand he owns  
a nice farm near Clyde, and is  
wrestling as a profitable pastime  
until time to sow spring crops.

Olson, an out and out "pro,"  
has spent the past several months at  
the Silent A. C. here, leaving for  
scattered matches as far west as  
Billings, Montana, at various periods.  
He has a reputation among silent  
sporting devotees that should ensure  
a crowded house to see him perform  
against any worthy opponent.

Should Conley post a forfeit, it is  
planned to stage a gala athlete night  
at the Silent A. C. February 11th,  
at \$1 and up. As a semi-wind-up  
Glenn Smith (National A. A. U.  
158-lb. champion, 1919) may meet  
Charles Marshall—the star end of  
the Goodyear Silent football team.  
Marshall beat Smith during the  
"Fraternal," using the toe hold.  
Marshall is a superman in strength,  
and the Akronites would probably

back him to a considerable extent  
in the event of a return match.

The Guild of All Angels' Church,  
twelve ladies, gave dainty luncheon  
on the 14th, in honor the bride from  
Saint Louis, Mrs. John E. Purdum.

After several months illness, Jake  
Kleinhaus is back at work.

On the 14th sixteen ladies surpris-  
ed Mrs. Olson—who as Kate Hugg-  
ins was crowned Queen of the Fra-  
ternity. Katie has been a "shut-in"  
for a year, suffering from rheuma-  
tism. Each lady brought a story,  
or something of interest to recount,  
and Katie received enough maga-  
zines and fruit to last her for weeks.

William Hoffman, a former Chi-  
cagoin, now of Terra Bella, Cali-  
fornia, sends a copy of his town  
paper with an account of the victory  
of Edwin Benedict, late of Gallaudet  
College, over Dan McLeod in a  
wrestling match there on the 7th.  
Benedict won the last two falls  
of a three-fall match, and the affair  
seems to have created a sensation  
there. The hub of the matter comes  
in the last two printed sentences:  
"Benedict is a young man in his  
twenties, while McLeod is 62 years  
of age. Both weigh about 170."

Remember when you and I were  
young the two best "tourists" of the  
wrestling game were "Farmer"  
Burns and this Dan McLeod? Re-  
member how they would travel  
around with a circus and throw all  
comers for from fifty cents to a hun-  
dred dollars side bet? Remember  
how this tough guy McLeod finally  
picked a tartar in a big awkward  
Iowa farmerboy of 17, wrestling on a  
bed of cinders for an hour without a  
fall? And remember how this farm-  
er lad afterwards brought the  
world's heavyweight championship  
to America, where it has remained  
ever since? For this farmerboy  
was none other than Frank Gotch,  
and McLeod gave him his first  
lesson.

The immortal Gotch is dead and  
gone, but the man who found him  
—who had already passed his prime  
at that time—is still hale and  
hearty, still stout enough to grapple  
with husky youngsters like Bene-  
dict, and "Olson," and Glenn  
Smith.

Great game, wrestling. If you  
live clean.

Mrs. George Sullivan received a  
visit from the stork on the fifth. A  
girl.

C. C. Codman is spending the  
holidays working at the Boston store.  
The Sac had a dance and whist  
party on the third.

H. L. Leiter, treasurer of the Sac,  
has been under the weather for a  
week or so.

Horace Buell, formerly a Grand  
Trustee of the Frats, who has a re-  
sponsible position in the bookkeeping  
department of The Fair—the second  
largest department store in the  
West—has decided to follow in the  
footsteps of Johnnie Purdum, and let  
his membership lapse in the bliss-  
ful Brotherhood of Blessed Bachelors.  
He wooed and won Miss Alexina  
Ferguson a handsome young oralist.

December 9, Dr. George T. Dought-  
ery delivered an address before the  
pupils of the Wisconsin State School  
at Delavan, and the following night  
spoke before the Delavan Home  
Circle.

Miss Annie Donahue, the demure  
but dashing damsel from Detroit,  
shook the dust of Chicago from as  
daintily a pair of shoes as ever climbed  
the stairs of the "L," and has gone  
back to live in that dear old Dynamite  
City.

The Susan Wesley Circle of the  
M. E. Church met on the 14th at the  
home of Mrs. J. Ritchie.

Fred Friday, of Jacksonville, and  
Miss Mary Bradshaw were married,  
by a hearing preacher, at Griggsville  
lately, Miss Grace Hasenstab inter-  
preting.

Edward McCombs is visiting in  
town.

Dates ahead. December 24—Tree  
at All Angels, children at 3, adults  
8 25—Trees at both Pas and  
Sac. Sac tree for members only,  
instead of all welcome as previously  
announced by chairman. 31—  
Watchnight party, Sac, all welcome.  
Pas open.

## THE MEAGHERS.

## Good for Beadell.

Through his selection of a man  
who understood the deaf and dumb  
language, Frank Gorman of Newark  
is serving a ninety-day sentence in  
the Hudson County Jail, on a  
charge of obtaining money under  
false pretenses. He was given that  
penalty when arraigned last night  
before Recorder Wimmer in  
Kearny.

Posing as a deaf-mute, Gorman  
entered the *Arlington Observer*  
office yesterday and present-  
ed a petition to the publisher, Wil-  
liam Beadell. The petition said that  
the bearer was a deaf mute, subject  
to epileptic fits, and solicited money  
with which he could start a small  
business.

Mr. Beadell is proficient in the  
finger language. When Gorman  
twirled his fingers in meaningless  
signs the publisher decided the man  
was a fraud, and the Kearny police  
were notified. Patrolman Burns  
placed the man under arrest.

When first questioned by Chief  
Oliver, Gorman, by writing on a  
pad, insisted he was a mute. How-  
ever, after a five-minute interview,  
Gorman's vocal powers became ap-  
parent. —*Newark Evening News.*

# BOSTON, MASS.

A play, given at Trinity Church  
December 9th, came out successful.  
Sorry, have not the lists of names  
of those acted on the stage.

December 10th, the Fair at the  
Home came out wonderful, making  
a profit of \$195.83, from 2 to 9:30  
P.M.

Fancy Table—Mrs. Blanchard,  
Mrs. Kornblum.  
Candy and Cakes and Jelly and  
Jam Table—Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs.  
Nichols.

Apron Table—Mrs. Mercer, Mrs.  
Gill, Mrs. Clark.

Grab Table—Mrs. Hull, Mrs.  
Williams, Mrs. Hanson.

Supper Table—Mrs. Trowl,  
Messrs. Brown, Wayne, Kirby,  
Young, Misses Gilles and Miller.

Admission Table—Mrs. Cross.

The Chairman of the affair was  
the writer, with committee: Mrs.  
Blanchard and Mrs. Mercer. Mrs.  
Bigelow is the President of the  
Ladies' Auxiliary. We have 126  
members in New England, and  
hope to have more.

Mrs. M. McNeill gave birth to a  
daughter in Lynn, on July 1921.

A surprise party was tendered to  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelly, De-  
cember 11th, at their parents'  
residence, in Brookline. They  
were married very quietly on No-  
vember 23d, so we in return gave  
the surprised on them. We all  
presented them a beautiful  
mahogany clock, and they seemed  
very much pleased with the gift.  
They live in a bungalow at Welles-  
ley, Mass. May they have always  
happiness.

The Frats have changed their  
plan to have their dance at St.  
Rose Hall, Worcester Street, Rox-  
bury, instead of Huntington  
Chambers, on December 31st.

Mrs. Hanson, a sister of Mrs.  
Mercer, visited Boston, from  
Lancaster, N. H., and many were  
glad to see her and have a long  
chat.

Mr. Ernest Sargent delivered a  
sermon to the deaf at the Home.

The S. W. J. D. has voted to  
change the name to New England  
Jewish Deaf Association. They will  
give a Chanukah Party at 47 Mt.  
Vernon Street, West End Y. M. H. A.  
All are welcome to attend. Ad-  
mission, 35 cents, including refresh-  
ments. Date is December 25th, at  
4 P.M. Aaron Kraifitz is in charge.

Mr. Harry Dickerson is still on  
the job, as silver engraver, and is  
working overtime during the Christ-  
mas rush.

The Massachusetts Benevolent  
Association will lose Miss Hobart,  
one of the Trustees, on December  
17th. The members will present  
her a clock for her faithful services.  
The Home will have their Christ-  
mas Tree party on December 26th,  
given by the L. A. Each of the in-  
mates will receive gifts of different  
kinds from members of the L. A.

Mrs. Ambrose Young, of Water-  
town, Mass., had an operation on  
her tonsils and is feeling fine.

Mr. Wm. Gill will have another  
nasal operation next Friday, to im-  
prove his breathing.

Mrs. Mira Perry has been ill with  
grippe, but is on the road to re-  
covery.

Mr. and Mrs. Kornblum attended  
a wedding given by their cousin, at  
the Copley-Plaza Hotel, one of the  
best hotels in Boston, and had the  
time of their lives.

The writer wishes to send all their  
friends a very Merry Christmas and  
Happy New Year.

F. K.

## Woman Hurt by Auto.

Miss Edith Marshall, deaf-mute  
daughter of Abram Marshall of 64  
Mead Avenue, East Portchester,  
N. Y., was struck by an automo-  
bile and painfully injured while on  
her way home from work in a local  
manufacturing plant, early last  
evening. The young woman was  
walking along Mead Avenue, East  
Portchester, when the autoist ap-  
proached her from the rear. She  
was walking in the roadway and he  
tooted his horn as a warning. The  
sound, of course, fell upon unre-  
sponsive ear drums and the girl con-  
tinued to walk headlessly along un-  
til struck and thrown to the pave-  
ment by the rapidly moving vehicle.  
Fortunately, Miss Marshall was  
not seriously injured, because of the  
heroic efforts which the driver of  
the automobile, a Ford, made to  
avoid the accident. She was car-  
ried to her home, about 100 feet  
away, and there treated by Dr.  
Howard Kneivitt. She incurred  
numerous bruises about the body  
and lacerations of the scalp.

The Ford was owned and driven  
by Edwin L. Merritt, of Harvey St.,  
next house of Gordon Marshall,  
brother of Miss Edith Marshall. Mr.  
Merritt universally regarded as a  
very careful driver, was accompa-  
nied by his daughter Florence. It  
seem she recognized the figure of the  
woman in the path of his car and  
sounded his horn as a warning to  
her to take to the sidewalk. For a  
person of normal hearing, that  
note of caution would un-  
doubtedly have been sufficient, but  
very naturally it was useless in the  
case of the deaf and dumb woman.  
She was almost struck before Mer-  
ritt realized what was happening.  
He was assisted by Elmer S. Merritt,

of 35 Mead Avenue, carried her  
home. A week after the accident,  
Miss Marshall was taken to the  
Greenwich hospital, as Dr. O. Con-  
nell found her in a very bad condi-  
tion. She is keeping herself very  
quiet in a private room, as the doc-  
tor wants her to be.

# PITTSBURGH.

Under the management of Mr.  
Vincent Dunn, Mr. Robert P. Mc-  
Gregor, of Columbus, delivered two  
lectures here, one at the Cathedral  
Parish House, November 25th, and  
the other at the Y. M. C. A. Build-  
ing, November 26th. Each lecture  
was given in McGregor's graphic  
style, and were of course well worth  
patronizing. The size of the audi-  
ence, however, was hardly up to ex-  
pectations, due, perhaps, to a lack  
of sufficient advertising. Anyway  
those who failed to be present mis-  
sed a treat, for it is well-known here-  
abouts that Mr. McGregor is a  
lecturer par excellence.

There was a large assembly of  
our folk at St. Philomena Church,  
16th Street, November 27th. This  
meeting had been well advertised,  
and a good program was assured,  
but on account of some misunder-  
standing this was not carried out.  
The time, however, was spent in  
impromptu addresses and in social  
converse. Refreshments were  
served, and altogether it proved a  
pleasant affair.

The Pittsburgh Division, No. 36,  
N. E. S. D., held its regular  
monthly meeting December 3d and  
elected officers for the ensuing  
year as follows:

President, Mr. C. A. Painter;  
Vice President, Mr. J. K. Forbes;  
Secretary, Mr. Frank S. Leitner;  
Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Craig; Sergeant  
at Arms, Mr. J. Finley; Director,  
Mr. W. McK. Stewart; Director, Mr.  
Henry Bardes. This is regarded as  
a good strong board, and energetic  
management is expected the coming  
year.

The Thanksgiving social, at the  
Edgewood School came off as usual,  
except that it was divided into two  
sections—the older and the younger  
occupying separate halls. Even  
with this arrangement, the halls  
were crowded and the many visitors  
from outside were excluded from  
participation. Mr. Manning, how-  
ever, compensated them by issuing  
an invitation to the younger  
Alumni to a special social, which  
was held in the reception rooms of  
the school, December 9th. The  
hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Manning  
and the graduating class. There  
was a large attendance, and a very  
agreeable time for all was had.  
The evening was spent in games  
of all sorts and dancing. Refresh-  
ments, consisting of ice cream and  
cakes, were served. Everybody  
seemed highly pleased with the  
innovation, and showed their ap-  
preciation by a vote of thanks to  
Mr. and Mrs. Manning for the pleasures  
of the evening.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the N.  
A. D. celebrated Gallaudet Day,  
December 10th, with a "Home  
made Banquet" at the 8th Street R.  
P. Church, and recorded a grand  
success, both as to the banquet and  
the entertainment which followed.  
The "banquet" proved that the  
ladies of the Branch knew how to  
prepare and serve the most appetiz-  
ing viands, and it was conceded that  
they beat the hotels "all hollow." The  
menu follows:

Sirloin of Beef	Creamed Potatoes
Peas	
French Rolls	Waldorf Salad
Cheese	Pickles
Fancy Ice Cream	Assorted Cakes
Candy	Coffee

After the dinner the following  
program was carried out in full:

Introductory—Mr. Samuel Nichols.  
What Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet did for  
the Deaf—Mr. H. B. McMaster.  
The Western Pennsylvania School for the  
Deaf—Captain A. C. Manning.  
Gallaudet, the Bearer of Light—Mr. Ed.  
Harmon.  
France and America—Mr. E. D. Read.  
America (In song)—Miss Sarah McDevitt.  
Impromptu Remarks.

The addresses were all excellent  
and instructive and held the atten-  
tion of the audience of about one  
hundred or more.

Taken all together it was a most  
pleasant affair, and everybody went  
home feeling they were well paid  
for coming and hoping there would  
be more of the kind in the future.

The officers of the Local Branch  
are: President, Samuel Nichols;  
Vice-President, F. D. Allen; Sec-  
retary-Treasurer, F. R. Gray.

And the committee in charge of  
the arrangements for the meeting  
were: W. L. Sawhill (Chairman),  
Mrs. H. Bardes, Mr. C. Fritzges,  
Mr. F. D. Allen and Mr. L. P.  
Schulte.

We were informed that Frank  
Wilson, of Ford City, Merrett Post-  
lethwait, of Pauxstataway, and  
Frank Berry, were camping in the  
wilds in the neighborhood of Pot-  
tersdale and were fast thinning out  
the herds of deer and other big  
game. They remained in camp  
until the end of the hunting sea-  
son. We await their report.

G. M. T.

# OREGON—WASHINGTON.

Education is the foundation of  
civilization but— We go to school  
to learn, study and cram; work out  
unfamiliar problems, delve into the  
mysteries of things, experiment,  
train hand, eye, ear and mind to  
co-operate, are led and guided into  
ruts or paths leading to definite  
ends, graduate with pride in our  
education, and go out into the  
whole world to enter the greatest  
university of all, which Dr. Crane  
calls the University of Polite Un-  
learning. We are all disillusioned  
unless we are self-blinding. Vladi-  
mir Stefansson has a very interest-  
ing, illuminating article on unlearn-  
ing in the December *World's Work*,  
which he titled "The Arctic That  
Was Not." In the geography in-  
use in the State of Washington the  
northernmost zone of Alaska,  
Canada, etc., is labeled "always  
cool." But Stefansson and Arch-  
bishop Stuck, have found it 110  
degrees above zero in the shade at  
Point Barrow, and the oil men at  
the mouth of the Mackenzie River,  
which empties into the Arctic Ocean,  
have gardens flourishing with tropic  
luxuriance. To sum it up, *la*  
Stefansson, it is always cold and  
perpetual snow on the high moun-  
tains in the Arctic or torrid zone,  
and no lowland is covered with  
snow or frozen all the time in either  
zone. And there is more sunshine  
in the Arctic zone than in some  
temperate zones! So you see we  
are still unlearning while learning.

The Jorgs entertained friends  
from Portland at their suburban  
home, on Thanksgiving. The  
crowd came the day before.

Daisy Morrison has gone home to  
Pendleton.

Mr. Naylor has secured a job at  
the Doembecker Furniture factory.  
The Portland Frats elected Fred  
Dolanoy, President; Rudy Spiel-  
er, Vice-President; Jack Bertram,  
Secretary; and Ora Fay, Treasurer.  
All good officers. The installation  
will be December 31st, and open to  
the public.

Albert and Lizzie Duncan Hen-  
dricks, of Wakita, Okla., will auto  
to the Northwest and settle in the  
Puget Sound country.

Joe Sutherland has lost his job  
with the street railway company.

Bryan Wilson has no doubt  
that I know of, yet he will be dou-  
bled soon and they will be singled.

Rev. J. A. C. Beyer has ex-  
changed circuits with Rev. G. W.  
Gaertner for a while. Rev. Gaert-  
ner in the recent storm was held up  
this side of the Cascades by a tun-  
nel cave-in and land slide, by the  
silver thaw at Pasco and by the  
floods at Kelso. His experiences  
appear to have stimulated him, for  
his sermon last Sunday was the best  
ever. He is a clear careful ex-  
pounder, and if we do not under-  
stand what faith and prayer stand  
for we are hopeless.

The Lindes and Cravens were the  
guests of the Hunters Sunday.

The Litterlands visited the Chas.  
R. Lawrence last week.

THEO. C. MUELLER.

## Mr. Henry A. Bear Passes Away.

(Written by A Friend)

Mr. Henry A. Bear, until a decade  
ago, an honored and successful teach-  
er in the Virginia School for the Deaf  
for over forty years, passed away at  
the home of his daughter in East  
Mauch Chunk, Pa., on December  
2d, aged 86, less 9 days. A widow,  
also for many years a gifted teacher  
in the Virginia School, a brother,  
Asbury Bear, and several children  
and grandchildren survive him. Mr.  
Bear taught under successive prin-  
ciples of the School, Messrs. Covell,  
McCoy and Captain Doyle, during  
the exciting times prior to, during,  
and subsequent to the Civil War.  
After leaving the School he became  
proprietor and sole owner of the Bear  
Lithia Springs Resort and conducted  
a successful hostelry on the premises.  
This hostelry was the scene of many  
a gathering of Washington and  
Richmond Society, and was always  
open to the deaf, who, time and  
again, found at its fireside oppor-  
tunity for contemplation and dis-  
cussion of educational and social  
affairs of the deaf of Virginia.  
Strange to relate, this open-handed  
generosity on the part of Mr. Bear  
towards the deaf, ended rather  
tragically in the total destruction by  
fire of his domicile. Although  
never proven, and Mr. Bear always  
scored any attempt to prove it, it is



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will "let the post" do the rest.

The "Family Dinner" at St. Ann's Church has become an annual feature of Nation Wide Campaign. This year, the dinner was held on Saturday evening, December 17th. Nearly 125 persons responded to the call of "Eat!" and filled all but three or four places at the six long tables set up in the Guild Room. The guests of the occasion were the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Judge, our Rector; Mr. Frederick H. Meeder, of Dr. Judge's parish and Auditor of the New York Central Railroad; and Colonel Frank J. Supplee, of the U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Trust Company, who is prominently engaged in work for the Nation Wide Committee.

The Guild Room was tastefully decorated in blue and white and gold. The stage platform was given a magnificent background to suit the occasion. The committee in charge of arrangements consisted of William A. Renner, Chairman; Alfred C. Stern, Charles C. McManis, Mrs. J. H. McClusky and Miss Elsie Grossman. The dinner service was under the sole management of Mrs. McClusky, aided by a corps of Fanwood Cadets as waiters. An appetizing four-course meal was served in the midst of pleasant conversation.

The speakers, as introduced in order by Mr. Renner were: The Rev. Dr. Judge, Mr. Meeder, Colonel Supplee, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, our foremost vestryman; the Rev. Mr. Kent, our Vicar; Dr. T. Francis Fox, Prof. Jones, and Mr. Chester G. Mann, our oldest lay reader. Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet interpreted into signs the speeches of the three hearing guests. Mr. McManis, as treasurer of the church funds, gave a report on the year's progress and of the work done by the Nation Wide Campaign in St. Ann's Church.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the presentation of a silver loving cup to Mr. Chester G. Mann as a token of gratitude for his thirty years of faithful service as lay reader. Mr. Renner made the presentation at the conclusion of Mr. Mann's speech. The cup is eighteen inches high with a base of four inches, and bears the following inscription:—

Presented to  
CHESTER G. MANN  
by the  
Members of St. Ann's Church,  
in appreciation of  
his many years of service,  
and as a  
token of their love and esteem.

And that was not all. Inside of the cup was a twenty-dollar gold piece and some small change, with the list of donors contributing toward the gift. As one would expect who knows Mr. Mann's modest nature, he seemed quite overcome by the surprise. When pressed for another speech, he protested that he did not know what to say. Needless to state, the parishioners of St. Ann's were glad of this opportunity to express publicly their delight with Mr. Mann's constant service in the interests of the church.

**DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE**  
On Thursday evening, December 15th, besides the regular business meeting, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League elected new officers for the year 1922.

Among other business done was the approval of the League members of the action of the Board of Governors, to contribute the first prize of \$25.00 in disposing of the most tickets among local societies for the New York N. A. D. Branch's recent Ball, and donated it to the De l'Epee Statue Fund.

The Ball Committee, who are arranging the January 28th affair at the 22d Regiment Armory, reported progress, which showed that a big attendance will crown their efforts. The election followed the business session, and resulted as follows:

President, Anthony Capelle (re-elected); First Vice-President, Joseph C. Sturtz; Second Vice-President, Hyman Gordon; Secretary, Charles Golden; Treasurer (re-elected), Emil Basch.

The balloting for three members of the Board of Governors then resulted in the nomination of about a dozen candidates, the result of which was the election of Messrs. Judson P. Radcliffe, A. A. Cohn, and Fred W. Meinken.

### MEN'S CLUB

Elections at the Men's Club of St. Ann's, held Thursday, December 15th, resulted as follows: William Renner, President; Alfred C. Stern, Vice-President; John M. Funk, Secretary; Keith W. Morris, Treasurer; Directors, Edwin A. Hodgson, Charles C. McManis, William G. Jones. The second prize of the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, offered for highest sales of tickets to its recent entertainment, amounting to \$15, was donated to the Chamberlain Tablet Fund.

The Bazaar, given under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lutheran Mission to the Deaf on December 9th and 10th, was very successful. Now after the a xity is over and the task is accomplished, it seems like a pleasant dream to us. The profits far exceeded our humble expectations. On both evenings there was a goodly gathering of both hearing people and deaf mutes. Thanks again to our many supporters, and especially to the Committee, whose zeal and untiring efforts helped to score this success.

Our Christmas festival this year will be held on Monday evening, December 26th, at 7.30 P.M., in old St. Luke's Church on 42d St., between Times Square and Eighth Ave. Until very recently it was in doubt, whether we could again meet in this historic edifice, as the property has been sold. However, further use of the church has been granted by the purchasers till January 1, 1923, and the deaf will share in this privilege. Monday evening, December 26th, will be the last time the deaf may gather in this church, and all our friends and patrons will have an opportunity to say farewell. The admission is free, but during the service an offering will be taken. After the service, the deaf will repair to the Sunday School rooms in the basement, where Santa will make his appearance and distribute favors. An elaborate program, in which the pupils of our Sunday School and the ladies of our Mission will participate, has been arranged.

A surprise shower party was tendered Miss Anna Ondrachek on Saturday evening, December 3d, in honor of her approaching marriage to Royal A. Kroboth.

The shower was held at the home of the bride-maid-elect-Miss Bertha Drescher instead of the brides home for convenient reasons.

Miss Ondrachek was asked to visit Miss Drescher that Saturday, and accepted the invitation, little suspecting what was in store for her.

Meanwhile the girls who were to share in the surprise had assembled together in the living-room.

At 8 o'clock Miss Ondrachek was not at the station by her friends, and accosted to the latter's home.

The surprise was genuine at seeing her old girl friends to greet her appearance.

Miss Ondrachek was presented with many useful gifts by her friends.

Mr. Victor Anderson kindly popped in, and took some flash-light pictures of the happy group, and then departed for the Frat meeting, as the affair was chiefly for girls.

A light supper was served and entertainment provided for. Altogether it was a happy affair.

Among those present were: Misses Bertha Drescher, Anna Ondrachek, Margaret Dalton, Mabel Milton and Moe Ferry.

Mrs. Harry Pierce Kane has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in the death of her beloved mother, Mrs. Estelle F. Hatch, widow of the long since deceased Dr. B. F. Hatch, an author of many standard medical works and a professor at the Boston University School of Medicine. Mrs. Hatch was taken ill on November 7th with a stroke of paralysis, and other complications due to her advanced years, and while the aid of skilled physicians, a nurse, and the devotion of three daughters and a son were lavished on her, the end came peacefully in the early hours of Tuesday, November 21st, and the funeral services were held on Thanksgiving Day, November 24th. The remains were laid at rest in Mt. Kisco Cemetery.

Mrs. Hatch had a very large acquaintance among the deaf, having helped Mrs. Kane entertain them at her home for many years. At the death of her husband, who was frequently the case in by gone days, was both a physician and clergyman, and as again was frequently the case, men serving in this double capacity were ill rewarded, so that at his passing Mrs. Hatch found herself facing a new life with four young children, but she met the prospect bravely, and became the directing genius of very high class boarding houses in New York and Larchmont, N. Y., and was able to give her children the best educationally and every other way. For the past nine years Mrs. Hatch made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Kane in the Hazelhurst Apartments, 181st Street and Fort Washington Ave. Up to the very last she enjoyed her daily walk and had a great many friends in her immediate neighborhood.

### H. A. D. NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Amateau spoke interestingly on "Intermarriage" and "Confidence" last Friday evening, December 16th. This Friday Mr. Marcus L. Kenner will speak on "The Spirit of the Macabees."

Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Olyphant, Pa., was a welcome visitor at the S. W. J. D. Building last Sunday evening, the 18th.

Yielding to the request of many members, he gave an impromptu lecture, embracing "Human Interest Stories," which proved highly interesting as well entertaining.

Please do not forget the Hanukkah Party to be held at the S. W. J. D. Building this Saturday evening, December 24th.

The next evening, Sunday, December 25th, special services in celebration of Hanukkah will be held. A feature of the evening will be the "Lighting of the Candles." All welcome.

### SANTA CLAUS VISITS THE "HIP."

Charles Dillingham announces that in accord with a custom which has been an annual affair in the seven years that the New York Hippodrome has been under his direction, dolls dressed in replicas of the costumes worn on the stage by the principals in "Get Together" will be given away at all matinee performances of the two weeks of the Christmas school holidays, beginning this week Monday December 19th. As in other years, "Jennie" the shimmying elephant, will select each day a seat stub from a basket filled with seat stubs and placed on the stage, the child who occupies the seat whose number corresponds to the stub selected by "Jennie" being the winner. With the coming week, "Get Together" takes on all of the glory that has made the big play-house the greatest institution for holiday amusement and for holiday crowds that the amusement world has known. A real Santa Claus, impersonated by Earl Barroy, Christmas tree and Christmas decorations, are added to the mammoth "Workshop of Santa Claus" scene, designed especially for the Christmas holidays, and in which more than 400 dancers, singers, clowns and variety artists appear.

It is not a common occurrence to hear of luncheon given in honor of a deaf woman, who is a great grandmother, but such was the case of one given to Mrs. A. Seelig, a Fanwood product, and which was gotten up by Mrs. Isaac G. Moses. Of course, Mrs. Seelig was not aware of the plot until she opened the door of her daughter's home on 180th Street and beheld a bedecked table and guests standing around waiting to greet her.

At the conclusion of the meal, Mrs. Moses related in graphic signs how her almost lifelong friendship with Mrs. Seelig originated. When as a girl playing on the streets, she accidentally pushed one of Mrs. Seelig's daughters who "got mad" and began to berate her. Mrs. Moses let her finish her talk, and at the end saucily replied "I am deaf and dumb," and started to run away. "You deaf!—my mother is deaf too," the latter replied, in signs, and forthwith she dragged her by the arm and didn't stop until she had brought her into the presence of Mrs. Seelig, who at that "psychologic moment" had her arms in a tub of wash. After that she was a welcome visitor and frequently partook of those wonderful meals that were provided for the rest of the brood. Mrs. Moses never forgot her kindness.

Mrs. Seelig had seven children, all but two surviving. At the gathering were two handsome and charming daughters, Mrs. Bertha Moscovitz and Mrs. Jessie Rosenzweig, who is the grandma although it is hard to believe. Handicapped not only by deafness ill health and some what crippled, Mrs. Seelig lived to see all her children married, now enjoys good health and a circle of friends. The deaf present besides her were: Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Bessie Pink, Mrs. A. Cohn, Mrs. Bachrach, Mrs. Branson, Mrs. Rosenbaum, Mrs. Goldberg, Mrs. T. Cohen, Mrs. S. Kohn and Mrs. C. Barues. Others were invited but could not attend.

A Social Party, given by Miss Sonnie Roven, was held at her home, on the evening of December 11th. Delicious refreshments were served. Those present were: Misses Ruth Caplan, Anna Hoffman, Shirley Jacobs, Connie Pizutos, and Eva Miller. Miss Katie Schwartz was not present, because of the illness of her mother.

Harry Zerwick, a Fanwood graduate of twenty-seven years ago, came from Boston for a ten-day visit to relatives and friends. He is married and their home is blessed with four children. He visited his Alma Mater on Monday, December 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernier, of Washington, D. C. (daughter and son-in-law of Mrs. C. C. Colby, of Detroit fame), were sightseeing in New York all last week. Part of the time they were chaperoned by Mr. Marcus L. Kenner.

Mr. John F. O'Brien has joined the granddaddy group. The little lady, Miss Virginia Belle Aal, made her debut at the family mausoleum in Hollis, L. I., November 29th, 1921.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, who have been living at their cottage at Lake George for several months, returned to New York on December 15th, to remain through the winter.

William Homa, who was educated at the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville, is in New York, and attended the services at St. Ann's on Sunday.

Miss Anne Hamburger will go to Atlantic City, with her mother and brother, to spend the Christmas and New Year holidays.

## FANWOOD.

The Literary entertainment, given by the Boys of the 8th Grade, was held in the chapel on the evening of December 16th.

The program was opened with a reading by Albert Sumner about the "Iron Hand," and this and the other readings were very interesting to us.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox, President of the Fanwood Literary Association, occupied the platform and selected the three pupils as judges of the debate. The affirmative side was Rudolph Behrens, and the negative, Edward Hicks. The affirmative side won.

The program in full is appended:

Reading—"The Iron Hand," by Albert Sumner.

Reading—"Buddy and Me," by Charles Fitzpatrick.

Debate—"Resolved, That Sec'y Hughes to years Naval Holiday is the Best for our country." Affirmative—Rudolph Behrens. Negative—Edmund Hicks.

Reading—"Why Man Needs a Wife," by Ben Shafranek.

Reading—"The Four Clever Brothers," by Joseph Krassner.

Dialogue—By Sam Fleischer and Abe Jaffre.

"A FIGHT WITH A CANNON."

ACT I

Capt. Count de Boisberthelot. S. Fleischer.

Lieut. Chevalier de La Vieville.

..... C. Fitzpatrick.

SAILORS—Arthur Jensen, Albert McKay, Albert Sumner, Rudolph Behrens, Charles Klein, Ben Shafranek, Edmund Hicks, Clinton Conklin, Abe Jaffre and Joseph Krassner.

La Vendee, an old sailor among them.

..... C. Byliniski.

ACT II—At the sunrise next morning.

Mr. William M. Evarts was elected a member of the Board of Directors at the meeting on December 14th, 1921. Mr. Evarts is the son of the Rev. Prescott Evarts and the grandson of William M. Evarts, who was Secretary of State during the administration of President Hayes in 1877.

On Friday evening, December 16th, the Band assisted at a concert given in the Fort-Washington-Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the County Chapter of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Cadet Officers of the Protean Society had permission to go out shopping on December 13th and 14th. They had a great time around the city, and bought handsome gifts that they will present to their parents and friends on Christmas Day.

Many Christmas cards have been painted by the members of the Palette and Brush Club. If any of you wish to buy one of them, go to the Art Department. They are sold at ten and fifteen cents each.

On the afternoon of December 15th, the High Class presented a handsome pearl pocket knife to its teacher, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, for a Christmas gift, in his school room. He was more than delighted with the gift and expressed his thanks to his pupils.

Our Physical Director, Lieut. Lux, arrived here Monday, after playing in a basketball game at Syracuse last Saturday. He told the cadets about that city and its population.

On the evening of December 13th, the Fanwood Seniors clashed with the Protean Society Five in a basketball game, at our indoor court. The Fanwood Seniors were dressed in their new basketball uniforms and looked fine. They will have new basketball shoes in a couple of days.

Cadet 1st Sergeant Lester Cahill was much pleased to hear that his uncle has started a little printing shop. Lester promises to work with him during the short recess, if necessary.

Mr. Abe Yager, on the editorial staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, father of Cadet Harold Yager, invited his son, Harold, and his friend, Cadet Sam Einkelstein, to witness the six-day bike race at Madison Square Garden, on Saturday, December 10th.

Edwin Thetford, a former pupil of Fanwood, invites some of us to his mother's recently purchased moving pictures theatre every Saturday.

Kermit Siegel, the fattest boy in the School, who belongs to the Band, says he lost several pounds this year. He says, "I should worry."

Mr. Louis Libson, a graduate of Fanwood in 1920, was a visitor here on Sunday, December 18th.

On Friday evening, December 16th, Cadet Lieutenants Thomas Whalen and Emil Mulfeldt, and Cadet 1st Sergeant Mitchell Czech, accompanied by Lieutenant Frank T. Lux, went to witness the basketball game between the Quintets of Yale and New York Universities, at the 22d Regiment Armory.

On the afternoon of the 15th of December, after school, the cadets flocked to the gymnasium to witness a basketball game between the Tom and Casper Fives. Cadets S. Zadra and E. Hicks were the star guards for the Tom. The Tom easily downed the Caspers by

(the overwhelming count of 19 to 4.

The summary and line-up:

Tom (19)	Caspers (4)
Behrens	L.F.
Whallora	R.F.
Whalen, Capt.	C.
Zadra	L.G.
Hicks	R.G.
	Conklin

Field goals—Whalen, 5; Behrens, 2; Whallora, 1; Byliniski, 1. Foul goals—Whallora, 3; Byliniski, 3. Re-free Lieut. Lux. Timekeeper Cadet L. Cohen, Scorer Cadet Peterson.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following announcement has been sent to the members of the Alumni Association:—

ANNOUNCEMENT.

December 3, 1921.

The next Biennial Re-union of the Alumni Association of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb will be held in the chapel of Washington Hall, Mount Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., on Friday evening, December 30th, 1921, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers, hearing reports, and transacting such business as may properly come before the Association.

An interesting feature of the reunion will be the unveiling of a tablet, giving an historical sketch of the Institution.

WILLIAM K. CLAYTON, Secretary.

An adjourned meeting of the Philadelphia Branch of the National Association of the Deaf will be held at the Cafe Louis, 127 S. 13th Street, on Wednesday evening, December 21, 1921, at eight-thirty o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers, and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

The Committee on Welfare of Deaf of the Council of Jewish Women has deemed it advisable to have a "New Advisory Committee of Men" work in conjunction with it to advance the interests of the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf and the Hebrew deaf of Philadelphia generally.

Our Hebrew deaf, through their Association, were asked to meet with the new advisory committee in the auditorium of the Beth Israel Temple last Thursday evening, but we have not gained any information since then. We had information however that the meeting was to be attended by many hearing persons, and that the speakers were to be Judge Horace Stern, Ellis A. Gimbel, head of Gimbel Brothers; Dr. Louis Nussbaum, of the Board of Education; and Leon Obermayer, Esq., President H. M. H. A.

Mr. Harry E. Stevens lectured before the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf on Sunday afternoon, December 18th. His subject was "Science."

Two deaf ladies were probably saved from robbery and injury by their alertness while on the street. On Saturday afternoon, December 10th last, Mrs. Frank Jahn and Mrs. George W. Matthews, both of Roxborough (a part of Philadelphia) went out shopping together. One of them carried a good sum of money with her, and after walking awhile, she noticed a man who was apparently following them, attracted by their sign talk and the fact that they were deaf mutes. To prove him the ladies turned at two or three corners and found him still following. Up to then they had not passed or seen a policeman, but at last they came across one at a corner and quickly got him to understand about the man's following them. Thereupon the man immediately took flight and the officer, handicapped by distance and the hilly section, gave up the chase.

The Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., held a business meeting at All Souls' Parish House last evening, December 17th.

Harry L., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Zang, was married to Miss Ethel W. Lentz, on Wednesday afternoon, December 14th. Harry is an electrical worker. The couple will live with Mr. Zang's parents.

The annual elections of the Clero Literary Association, which were to be held on Thursday evening, December 15th, did not come off. They will be held on January 5th, 1922.

Also the elections of All Souls' Guild which were to be held on Sunday afternoon, December 18th, were prevented by want of time. They will now be held on Sunday afternoon, January 1st.

The annual meeting of All Souls' Guild, the parochial organization of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, will be held on Tuesday evening, January 10th, 1922.

Washington Houston heard again from his friend, James B. George, of Portland, Oregon, who formerly resided here. A photograph of Mr. George's family shows that the children are growing up finely, and no doubt the parents are proud of them.

After waiting nine dreary and weary months, Charles S. Yoder was called back to work along with others. He works for the Miller Lock Company, one of the largest works in the city.

The Clero Literary Association held its December quarterly business meeting last Thursday evening, December 15th.

Before closing this letter, let us wish the Editor, his office force and all the readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## SEATTLE.

Seated in an easy chair of an evening by thoughts wandered back into the past. And what is stranger than that the JOURNAL should creep in. Come to think of it, I have written and sent subscribers to the JOURNAL more or less frequently for the last twenty five years. Editor Hodgson has been so kind as to put in practically everything I have written. After such show of appreciation its certainly up to me to continue sending in now and then, at least.

There has been quite a chapter of accidents to deaf persons in this vicinity in the last month or so.

Mrs. C. K. McConnell was knocked down by an auto on 24th Avenue. She suffered some cuts and bruises, but was able to be out in a few days. The auto was a delivery truck owned by Kelly Co.

Robert Rogers, of Ellensburg, while out one night near his home stepped on a live wire, which knocked him senseless, but owing to the boots and coat which he wore he was not as badly injured as might have been. He recovered his mind after a few minutes and went home.

Andy Genner had an auto accident some time ago. He was not hurt much, but the auto was damaged. He sued for damage and won. Robert Canthory, a brother-in-law, of Robert Rogers was his attorney.

Joe Bixler and Roy Harris were out one night near Wenatchee when they ran off a grade. The auto turned over twice and finally brought up against a tree. Bixler came out of his daze and shut off the engine, which was still going full speed, he then looked around for Harris and found his head sticking through a hole in the top. The boys had a good chop-up. Auto was pretty well knocked out of commission.

The most serious accident was that which happened to Lester Hobson. He was at Wenatchee for a few days helping his father haul brick. He started the train with a load of about two tons of brick, a few bricks fell off and frightened the horses. Hobson is a strong fellow and he pulled with all his might on the reins, both lines broke and he was thrown in front of the wheels. Two wheels passed over his chest. All the ribs on the right side were broken up, and two ribs left side broken, the right lung was smashed and put out of use. He lay for several days as dead. When he came to his father told him at once he was seriously injured and might not live. "Oh, no," said the pulpy son, "I am going to get well." The doctor opened up the lung, and after some treatment it began to work. It was impracticable to put him in a cast, so the poor fellow has to lie perfectly still to avoid working loose his many broken bones. He will live, Mr. Hobson lost his hearing when a young man. He uses alphabet and some signs, but does not mingle with the deaf much. He has a hearing wife and one child.

Miss Winifred Chapman fell during Seattle's late snow storm and sprained her ankle. A good story comes out of this. She lives at a club house with a bevy of girls. They furnished her with a pair of crutches, but they were small and uncomfortable. She knew that at Root's Printery there was a pair of crutches belonging to a friend of hers. So she wrote a note to Mr. Root and sent the same by two young ladies. She evidently did not tell them what they were to bring back. The young ladies knew though that Miss C. was supposed to have a steady, and when requested to bring something from a printing office their minds naturally turned to printed invitations or announcements. So imagine their astonishment when Mr. Root after reading the note handed them a pair of crutches. Evidently their pride was above carrying such articles along the street, for they made excuses and promised to call at two o'clock, but that time passed and another day, finally another young lady came and took the crutches.

The following appeared in a daily paper a few days ago:

"AGED WIDOW INJURED BY A STREET CAR PROPOUNDS QUESTION."

I am writing to you in a final and desperate effort to get justice. I thought that possibly I might get some relief through publicity.

I am a widow, 71 years old, and entirely dependent upon my own efforts. On August 27 last, I was struck by a municipal street car at Eighth Ave. and Madison St. My right shoulder and collarbone were broken and ankle was permanently injured. I was in the city hospital for five weeks, and then was discharged, unable to earn my living any more because of my injuries.

I took my case to Mr. Henderson, superintendent of the railway system; to Mr. Meier, the corporation counsel; to Mayor Caldwell; to Councilman Fitzgerald, and to Mr. Dennis, the claim agent. All of them—with the exception of Mr. Fitzgerald—treated me with courtesy, but that was all. They said I had no claim against the city and that they could do nothing for me.

What I want to know now is this—if the city can afford to pay a Cleveland man \$1,000 a week to come here and putter around on the car lines, why can't it afford to pay its honest debts, and recompense a poor widow for the irreparable injury that it has done to her?

Respectfully,  
Mrs. C. A. MORRIS,  
1108 Sixth Ave.

Mrs. Morris is deaf, having lost his hearing some year ago. She is a pleasant, intelligent Christian woman, looks younger than she really is. Have never seen her at

deaf gatherings, but she sometimes calls at the office of the writer.

Seattle recently had about six inches of snow. The following clipping refers to it:

"When Peter Witt, traction expert, goes back home to Cleveland, he will tell his friends that, during a snowstorm in Seattle he saw in the same yard here a husband shoveling snow off the front walk and a wife clipping fresh roses.

"And every friend I've got will call me a liar," he forecast."

Rev. Mr. Gaertner recently exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Beyers, of Portland.

Work has not yet begun on the new church. To speed matters Rev. Gaertner had intended to let the outside to a hearing contractor, but he felt the contractor was too high in his figure, and as a number of deaf were out of work, he is now trying to plan to let the deaf do the whole job. If he does, the deaf will certainly be proud of a church for the deaf built by the deaf.

On November 30th, a shower was given Mrs. Alberta Krouchnable at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. W. Wright. Among presents received were some from Mrs. Meagher, of Chicago, and Mrs. Weston, of Vancouver, Wash.

An enjoyable birthday party was given December 1st, for Mrs. C. K. McConnell.

Oscar Sanders is another horrible example of those who left Seattle expecting to find something better in California. He is expected back to Seattle soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Garrison are expected in town about holiday time. Mrs. Garrison will visit her parents at Port Angeles for a few days.

Lawrence Belser will probably be in town shortly after Christmas. And we will share a secret with the readers. Larry is going to be married—but not till he is good and ready.

Robert Rogers has traded his old Ford for a brand new car. He was in town last week. Has gone to San Francisco and Los Angeles. From there he wants to go to Houston, Texas. Intended to go via Panama Canal, but found the expense too high. Robert and his father own a good apple orchard at Ellensburg, and this was a good year with them.

Miss Bertha Stowe is again in Seattle after a year's absence. Reports of her marriage were erroneous.

Fred Kuhn belongs to the bowling team at the place where he works. We think Fred will make good. He left December 1st for Sacramento, Cal., where, report says, he will take unto him a wife. The P. S. A. D. has had some lively meetings lately. The society is fortunate in having for member a man like True Partridge. Mr. Partridge is book keeper and collector for a wholesale concern. He is also a member of the Masons and Shriners. Such steady contact with business methods and business men make him a valuable man in financial matters.

The Frats held their annual election December 3d. It was mostly a case of "you first, my dear sir." Officers elected are as follows: President, W. S. Root; Vice President, John Bodley; Secretary, Olof Hanson; Treasurer, C. K. McConnell; Director, Andrew Genner; Sergeant, Bryan Wilson; Trustee (3 years), A. W. Wright; Trustee (2 years), John Hagadorn. The society will have a party at Carpenter's Hall, December 31st. L. O. Christensen, John Hagadorn, Sam Schneider, and Bryan Wilson are the committee in charge.

The leaders of the Lutheran Church had a bazaar, November 26th. A fine array of useful articles were sold, which netted \$58. A light lunch was served a very pleasant evening enjoyed.

Mrs. A. K. Waugh recently received a picture of Ben Wallace and daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace are located at Pinchar Creek, Alta. Mrs. Wallace was formerly Miss Belle Campbell, of Vctoria.

Business is rather quiet in Seattle, but most of the deaf seem to be at work.

Mrs. True Portridge entertained the Ladies' Aid Society of the Bryn Mawr Church on November 17th. About forty ladies were present.

W. S. Root.

Dec. 5, 1921

## XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

Bids You  
and Everybody  
Welcome

## XMAS TREE

SANTA & RETINUE

Theatricals—Prizes—Something for Everybody



## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 10, 1921.—The Ladies' Aid Society held its December meeting on the first inst., in Trinity Parish House, with a good attendance. The receipts from membership dues for the month amounted to \$2.50, and expenditures for the same time \$1. Only one member, according to visitor of the sick, was incapacitated. Miss MacGregor read a letter from Mrs. A. W. Mann, who is still in Florida, in which she wished to be remembered to her associates. She read with interest of their meetings. If it is possible she will gladden the residents of the Home with a box of oranges and grape fruit in the near future. It was decided upon Mrs. Zell's suggestion to defer purchasing a washing machine, mangle and vacuum cleaner, till later, when they can be secured at the lower price.

As a mark of sympathy, Mrs. Chris. Neuner was directed to secure flowers, and send them to the janitor of the room in which the society meets, as a mark of sympathy to him and family in their bereavement, because of the death of the wife and mother that morning.

Messrs. Odebrecht, Zorn and Mrs. Callison, were chosen a committee to audit the books of the treasurer for the past year.

The following were chosen officers for 1922: President, Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn; Vice-President, Miss Bertha Druggan; Recording Secretary, Miss Katherine Toskey; Corresponding Secretary, Miss MacGregor; Custodian, Mrs. Eshelman.

January 19th, 1922, is the date for the next meeting.

Tuesday, December 6th, the Advance Society held its meeting in the Library of the School, with a fairly good attendance.

Fred Schwartz, the vice-president, wielded the gavel. Routine business having been dispatched, Treasurer Ohlemacher submitted his report for the year, which showed the Society had a balance of \$156.79 to its credit, while its Home Fund contained \$624.73, or a total for both, \$781.52.

The Custodian, Mr. Beckert, reported that there was need of replacing a number of articles in the kitchen of the Society, caused by breakage, and he was authorized to buy what was needed. The Society also decided to furnish all the linen needed for the Men's new building, thus relieving societies from doing it. The change was made to avoid sorting out linen marked for each particular room, as it would be done by each society furnishing for its room.

Mr. Showalter made a motion to discontinue sick benefits to Society members, started last April, but it failed to carry.

Election for officers, to serve during 1922, then came up. It was short and sweet, there being a contest only for president between Messrs. Black and Elasco Burcham. The latter was victorious; all the others were chosen by acclamation, so these will serve: President, Elasco Burcham; Vice president, George Black; Secretary, J. C. Winemiller; Treasurer, A. W. Ohlemacher; Custodian, August Beckert. The only changes in the last year are Messrs. Burcham and Winemiller. January 10th is the date for next meeting.

The writer spent Saturday and Sunday last in Cincinnati. Sunday afternoon he conducted the service in Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church. There was a good attendance and he was glad to meet many of the former boys and girls of the Ohio-School and not a few of them from over the river, which means Kentucky, whom he had previously met. About all are having work, and of course wearing smiles. That's the thing to do; grumbles to the rear if you want to be happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Schneider were our hosts, and they left nothing undone to make our stay pleasant. As a surprise to us they had as guests for dinner Major Bacheberle and John Bov, and the eats on the occasion attest the abilities of the hostess in getting up a good dinner.

Miss Julia Fesenbeck, a classmate of the writer, when he first came to the school in 1896, was reported in delicate health. We would have liked to call upon her, but time did not permit.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Halse, of Hamersville, were at the service, also Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Hoy. It was difficult to recognize Mr. Hoy, for he was more slender and seemed taller than during his baseball days. Mrs. Hoy is giving lessons three times a week to a boy, attending the Cincinnati Oral Day School. She enjoys the work too.

Dr. Clancy, of Cincinnati, was in Columbus this week attending the Ohio State Dental Association meeting. He came out to the School Wednesday and was shown around by Mr. Ernest Zell.

Sunday and Monday it snowed, and about 3 1/2 inches covered the earth.

Leon Moreland, of Toronto, Ohio, a former Goodyear draftsman, who is now employed in the Jefferson County Surveyor's office, is planning a large map of Steubenville City. He has been on the job since June. He will be at Wheeling, where Dr. Robert Patterson will deliver an address on Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

December 4th was the 25th anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wooley, of Hamilton, Ohio. A number from Cincinnati went up to their home, and helped them to celebrate the event. They also left a number of beautiful silverware to mark the occasion. Among those there were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eikens, Mr. and Mrs. Shepperd, Mr. and Mrs. Mott Wooley, Mr. and Mrs. Norrish and Mr. Oxley from Cincinnati, and Mr. Joseph Goldman, of Middletown.

Mrs. Leslie Honicon, of Middletown, Ohio, is back home from St. Elizabeth Hospital, Covington, Ky., where she had undergone a major operation, fully recovered now, which pleased her many friends. Her husband is a day ad. setter in one of the Middletown newspapers, has been promoted to take care of the night shift, and is doing nicely.

Mrs. Linden Herzer (nee Lucy McAfee), of Cincinnati, married last summer, has been called to Nelsonville, Ohio, her former home, because of the sickness of her mother.

A man named Dodging was recently appointed foreman at the gas works, but his name was not known to all the employees. One day while on his rounds he came across two men sitting in a corner, smoking, and stopped near them.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I'm Dodging, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we," replied the other workers, "sit down and have a smoke."—Selected.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader, Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.

The deaf cordially invited.

DO A GOOD TURN AND HAVE A GOOD TIME

Basketball & Dance

HUDSON CO. BRANCH

TRENTON, N. J. BRANCH

N. A. D.

AT PEOPLE'S PALACE

Bergen Ave. and Forrest St., Jersey City

Sat. Ev'g, Feb. 11, 1922

Admission: Ladies 35c; Gents 50c

From Summit Ave. Tube Sta. take bus "Bergen" direct to Palace, or C. R. R. of N. J. from New York and Newark and get off at Jackson Ave. Sta., Jersey City. Walk 2 blocks to Forrest St. Committee reserve all rights

I OWN AND OFFER

\$7,000 PHILADELPHIA COMPANY

6% Series A due 1944

96 and interest

\$3,000 CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

8% Sinking Fund due 1946

101 and interest

\$5,000 ST. LOUIS-SAN FRANCISCO RAILWAY CO.

6% Series C due 1950

95% and interest

\$4,000 BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD CO.

6% Secured due 1929

96 and interest

\$1,000 GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA

6% Debentures due 1936

100 and interest

\$4,000 THE NEW YORK EDISON COMPANY

9 3/4% Series A due 1941

106 and interest

Prices subject to prior sales.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON & Co.

## Christmas Festival

— BY THE —

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

— AT —

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

Adelphi St., near DeKalb Ave.

BROOKLYN

— ON —

Thursday Evening, Dec. 29th.

TICKETS, - - - 35 CENTS

(Including Refreshments)

— COMMITTEE —

Robert H. Anderson, Chairman

Mr. A. Hitchcock

Miss A. Kugler

Mr. L. Unger

Mr. A. Laing

HANUKKAH PARTY

— auspices of —

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

NEW YORK CITY

— Saturday Evening, Dec. 24th

at 8 o'clock

Games—Prizes—Refreshments

ADMISSION, - - - 35 CENTS

— COMING EVENTS: —

February 5—Social Party.

February 25—Whist Party.

WHIST PARTY

— FOR THE —

Benefit of the Building Fund

— AT —

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, April 22, 1922

at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission - - - 35 cents

— PRIZES —

ANTHONY C. REIFF, Chairman.

Hoo-oo-oo!

THE OWLS'

Entertainment

— AT —

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

February 21, 1922

ADMISSION - - - 35 CENTS

APRON AND NECKTIE PARTY

— UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE —

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

— AT —

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

230 Adelphi Street

— Saturday Evening, Feb. 18, 1922

— Come and join the fun, bring your friends. —

Admission, - - - 25 Cents

(including refreshments)

— COMMITTEE: —

Miss A. C. Kugler, Chairman

Miss E. Anderson

Miss E. Caddy

Mr. R. A. Kerstetter

Mrs. Harry Leibsohn

Mr. Lange

## Investment Bonds

Government

Railroad

Public Utility

Industrial

Samuel Frankenheim

18 West 107th Street

NEW YORK CITY

SAFETY

Paying an Income of

From 4% to 8%

DENOMINATIONS OF

\$100 \$500 \$1000

SATISFACTION

Member of

National Association of the Deaf

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

New England Gallaudet Association

Correspondent of

Lee, Higginson & Company

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Christmas Mail

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis

Associations of the United States

POSTPONED!

Date will be announced soon.

Athletic Tournament

under the auspices of

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

— AT —

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

BOXING—WRESTLING—GYMNASTICS

Professional and Amateur

talent will appear. . . . .

Medals will be awarded to the

winners of boxing and wrestling

events. Send entries to Chair-

man Athletic Committee, 40-44

West 115th Street.

ADMISSION, - - - 50 CENTS

(Including wardrobe)

Dramatic Entertainment

— AT —

"THE PATRIOT"

OR

THE SPIRIT OF 1776

A tale of the American Revolution.

— AT —

St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, Feb. 11, 1922

Additional Details Later.

SECOND ANNUAL GAMES

— OF THE —

FANWOOD ATHLETIC

ASSOCIATION

— TRACK AND FIELD MEET —

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1922

## \$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

NOTE—The amount of \$50 reserved for Prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Unique, Original, Handsome and Comical.

## FANCY DRESS BALL

GIVEN BY THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

## FLORAL GARDEN

North East Corner Broadway and 146th St.

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 14th, 1922

EXCELLENT

ADMISSION, - - - 75 CENTS

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

B. Friedwald, Chairman

Fred Haberstroh

Ludwig Fischer

James H. Manning

John P. Haff

Peter Kempf

Philip Hoenig

Joseph Worzel

Irving Blumenthal

Joseph Zeiss

Edward Baum

## SOMETHING NEW AND AMUSING

## Indoor Field Athletics and Games

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

## Woman's Parish Aid Society

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

IN THE GUILD ROOM OF

## ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 21, 1922

ENTRIES OPEN TO THE GIRLS ONLY

PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN IN THE FOLLOWING CONTESTS:

1. Obstacle Race. Open to all.
2. Novelty Race. Teams.
3. Hurdle Race. Open to all.
4. Tag-of-War with sacks. Teams
5. Relay Race. Teams.
6. Hammer throw. Open to all.
7. Sack Race. Open to all.
8. Basket-ball with balloons. Teams

And other amusements.

ADMISSION, - - - FIFTY CENTS



THE FINEST

THE BEST

## GRAND BALL

Inter-City Basket Ball Championship

(Schools for the Deaf)

LEXINGTON A. A. vs. FANWOOD A. A.

— AND —

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE vs.

(The Silent Separates)

(Pending)

AUSPICES OF THE

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League

— AT THE —

## 22d REGIMENT ARMORY

BROADWAY AND 169th STREET

NEW YORK CITY